AN ORATION

IN MEMORY OF

GENERAL MONTGOMERY,

AND OF THE

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS,

Who FELL with HIM, December 31, 1775,

BEFORE

QUEBEC;

DRAWN UP (AND DELIVERED FEBRUARY 19th, 1776)

AT THE DESIRE OF THE

HONOURABLE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

BY WILLIAM SMITH, D. D.

PROVOST OF THE COLLEGE AND ACADEMY OF PHILADELPHIA

O thou, who bad'ſt them fall with honour crown'd,
Soon make the bloody pride of war to ceaſe!
May theſe the only ſacrifice be found
To public freedom, and their country's peace!

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MDCCLXXVI.

IN CONGRESS,

JANUARY 25th, 1776.

"RESOLVED, *That Dr. Smith be desired*
"*to prepare and deliver a Funeral Ora-*
"*tion in honour of General* MONTGOMERY, *and*
"*of those Officers and Soldiers who magnanimously*
"*fought and fell with him in maintaining the prin-*
"*ciples of American liberty.*"

Extract from the minutes.

CHARLES THOMSON, Sec.

In pursuance of this appointment the following Oration was drawn up; and as the author knew that he was to address as great and respectable an audience, perhaps, as was ever convened in America, he neither wished to trifle with their character or his own, but used every effort in his power to render the composition worthy of the occasion, and now cheerfully submits it to the public judgment. He foresaw the difficulties incident to the undertaking, and (upon the principles mentioned p. 10, 11) *was prepared to encounter them.*

Two or three quotations have been transferred from the text to the margin; a few small alterations, chiefly verbal, have been made upon the recommendation

commendation of ſome friends, and a paragraph (p.35) which was forgot in the delivery, is printed in its place.

Upon the whole, the author hopes he has done juſtice to the memory of thoſe brave *men who are the ſubjects of the Oration; and with reſpect to thoſe reflections upon public affairs which muſt riſe out of public characters, and are intimately connected with them, he is ſo far from wiſhing them retrenched, that (on a careful review) he is willing to reſt upon them whatever claim he may have to the appellation of a* good citizen *or* friend to liberty, *ſo long as it may be remembered that he either lived or wrote in America!*

AN

ORATION, &c.

Fathers, Brethren, and Countrymen!

AN occaſion truly ſolemn has aſſembled us this day; and, that your attention may be alike ſolemn and ſerious, hear, in the firſt place, the voice of eternal truth—"It is better to go to the "houſe of mourning than to the houſe of feaſting;" for—"None of us *liveth* to himſelf, and no man "*dieth* to himſelf."—

But there are ſome men illuminated with a purer ray of divinity—patriots of the firſt magnitude—who, in a peculiar ſenſe, may be ſaid to *live* and *die*, not to themſelves, but to others; and conſequently to him who is the Author of all goodneſs. Endowed with that ſuperior excellence which does honour to our whole ſpecies, the *virtuous* of every nation claim kindred with them, and the general intereſts of humanity are concerned in their character.

In veneration of ſuch men, to exchange the accuſtomed walks of pleaſure for the *houſe of mourning*; to bedew its ſacred receſſes with tears of gratitude to their memory; to ſtrive, if poſſible, to catch ſome portion of their *etherial ſpirit*, as it mounts from this earthly ſphere into perfect union with *congenial ſpirits* above—is a laudable cuſtom,

coeval with ſociety, and ſanctified to us by the example of the wiſeſt nations.

It was the manner of the Egyptians, the fathers of arts and ſcience, not only to celebrate the names, but to embalm the bodies, of their deceaſed heroes, that they might be long preſerved in public view, as examples of virtue; and, although "dead, yet "ſpeaking."

But this honour was not eaſily to be obtained, nor was it beſtowed indiſcriminately upon the vulgar great. It was decreed only by the public voice—a venerable aſſembly of judges, before whom the body of the deceaſed was brought for trial, and ſolemnly acquitted or condemned upon the evidence of the people.

Even kings themſelves, however much ſpared when alive for the ſake of public tranquillity, had ſtill this more than fiery ordeal before their eyes; and by the example of ſome of their number, who had been refuſed ſepulture in thoſe very tombs which their pride had prepared to their own memory, were taught both to venerate and to dread a law which extended its puniſhments beyond the uſual times of oblivion.

The moral of this inſtitution was truly ſublime—conſtantly inculcating a moſt important leſſon—"That whatever diſtinctions our wants and vices "may render neceſſary, in this ſhort and imper-"fect period of our being, they are all cancelled "by the hand of death; and through the endleſs "untried periods which ſucceed, virtue and bene-"ficence will make the true diſtinctions, and be "the only foundations of happineſs and renown!"

If from the Egyptians we paſs to the Greeks, particularly the enlightened Athenians, we ſhall find

find that they had an expreſs law, appointing orations and public funerals in honour of thoſe who glorioufly ſacrificed their lives to their country. And this ſolemn office was performed before the great aſſemblies of the people; ſometimes for one, and ſometimes for bands of heroes together.

Thucydides has recorded a celebrated oration of this laſt kind delivered by Pericles. The illuſtrious ſpeaker, after a moſt animating deſcription of the *amor patriæ*—the love of our country—which he exalts above all human virtues, turns to the deceaſed —

"Having beſtowed their lives to the public, "every one of them, ſays he, hath received a "praiſe that will never decay—a ſepulchre that "will always be moſt illuſtrious—not that in which "their bones lie mouldering, but that in which "their fame is preſerved. This whole earth is the "ſepulchre of illuſtrious citizens,"—and their inſcription is written upon the hearts of all good men.

"As for you the ſurvivors—from this very mo-"ment, emulating their virtues, place your ſole "happineſs in liberty—and be prepared to follow "its call through every danger." Then, addreſſing himſelf with exquiſite tenderneſs to the relicts and children of the deceaſed, he ſuggeſts to them, that the commonwealth was their huſband, their father, and brother.

"From this day forward to the age of maturity "ſhall the orphans be educated at the public ex-"pence of the ſtate; for this benevolent meed have "the laws appointed to all future relicts of thoſe "who may fall in the public conteſts."

Nor were the Romans leſs careful in this matter. Conſidering men in general as brave more by art

than nature;-and that *honour* is a more powerful incentive than *fear*; they made frugality, temperance, patience of labour, manly exercise, and love of their country, the main principles of education. Cowardice and neglect of duty in the field were seldom punished with death or corporal inflictions; but by what was accounted worse, a life decreed to ignominious expulsion and degradation from Roman privileges.

On the contrary, deeds of public virtue were rewarded, according to their magnitude, with statues, triumphs of various kinds, peculiar badges of dress at public solemnities, and * songs of praise to the *living* as well as the *dead*.

Next to the hymns composed in honour of the gods, poetry derived its origin from the songs of triumph to heroes †, who tamed the rude manners of mankind ‡, founded cities, repelled the incursions of enemies, and gave peace to their country. And this custom began when Rome contained only a few shepherds, gathering strength by an alluvies of the outcasts of neighbouring nations.

Those first efforts of poetic eulogy, whether in prose or verse (like those of a similar origin which nature, always the same, teaches our savage neighbours) although often sublime in substance, were yet so rude in structure, that § Livy forbears quot-

* They are called "Carmina," as wrought up in the high poetic style; but were not therefore always in verse or measure.

† Soliti sunt, in epulis, canere convivas ad tibicinem, de clarorum hominum virtute. Cic.

‡ Qui terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt. Hor.

§ Carmen canentes ibant, illa tempestate forsitan laudabile rudibus ingeniis, nunc abhorrens & inconditum si referatur.

ing

ing them, as having become intolerable to the more refined taſte of his age, however ſuitable they might have been to the æra of their production.

What a multitude of compoſitions of this kind muſt have exiſted between the barbarous ſongs of the military upon the triumph of * Coſſius, and the celebrated panegyric of Pliny upon Trajan! They are ſaid to have been ſwelled into two thouſand volumes, even in the time of Auguſtus. In ſhort, the praiſe of *public virtue* was wrought into the whole texture of Roman polity; and Virgil, calling *religion* to his aid, gave it the higheſt finiſh.

He divides his hades, or place of ghoſts, into different regions; and to the gulph of deepeſt perdition † conſigns thoſe monſters of iniquity who delighted in the deſtruction of mankind, betrayed ‡ their country, or violated its religion and laws. There he excruciates them in company with

"§ Gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire."

Vultures prey upon their vitals, or they are whirled eternally round with Ixion upon his wheel, or bound

* Longè maximum triumphi ſpectaculum fuit Coſſius—in eum milites carmina incondita, æquantes eum Romulo, canere. Liv.

† "Full twice as deep the dungeon of the fiends,
"The huge Tartarean gloomy gulph deſcends
"Below theſe regions, as theſe regions lie
"From the bright realms of yon æthereal ſky."

‡ "This wretch his country to a tyrant ſold,
"And barter'd *glorious liberty* for gold:
"Laws for a bribe he paſs'd—but paſs'd in vain;
"For theſe ſame laws a bribe repeal'd again."

§ Milton here borrows his monſters from Virgil:

——————"flammiſque armata chimæra;
"Gorgones, harpiæque," &c.

See Virgil, B. VI. from line 288 to line 627, or Pitt's excellent tranſlation.

down

down with Tantalus*, whoſe burning lip hangs quivering over the eluſive waters it cannot touch; or the fury Tiſyphone, her hair entwined with ſerpents, her garments red with human gore, urges on their tortures with unrelenting hand!

The poet having thus exhauſted imagination as well as mythology, in the deſcription of puniſhments for the diſturbers of mankind and foes to their country, raiſes his concluſion to a height of horror beyond the reach of expreſſion:

" Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
" A voice of braſs, and adamantine lungs;
" Not half the mighy ſcene could I diſcloſe;
" Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful
" woes †.

Nor has Virgil ſtrayed any farther through the fields of fancy or fable in this place, than to borrow ſtrength of colouring for the garb of truth; and I ſuſpect that he drank from a purer fountain than that of Helicon when he peopled his Tartarus with the ancient ſcourges of the human race. An authority ſacred among Chriſtians has indeed given us a moſt awful confirmation of his doctrine.

A prophet and poet indeed, whoſe inſpiration was truly from heaven, the incomparably ſublime Iſaiah, foretelling the fall of Babylon, has an ode

* Tantalus a labris, ſitiens, fugientia captat
Flumina———

† Milton has taken the ſame method of raiſing his deſcription by leaving ſomething to be conceived beyond the power of words to expreſs:

" Abominable, unutterable, and worſe
" Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd."

of

of triumph, wherein he exults over its haughty monarch in ſtrains of wonderful irony and reproach. He reprobates him as a deſtroyer of mankind, who had "made the world a wilderneſs." He repreſents the whole earth as delivered from a curſe by his fall: the trees of the foreſt rejoice, becauſe he is laid low! the very grave refuſes a covering to his execrable corſe! he is conſigned to the depths of miſery, while the infernal manſions themſelves are moved at his approach, and the ghoſts of departed tyrants riſe up, in horrid array and mockery of triumph, to bid him welcome to his final abode!

The aſtoniſhing grandeur and ſpirit of this paſſage, and indeed of the whole ode, are unrivalled by any Poet * of Greek or Roman name.

"How hath the oppreſſor ceaſed! The Lord "hath broken the ſtaff of the wicked! He that "ſmote the people in wrath—that ruled the nations "in anger—is perſecuted, and none hindereth! "The whole earth is at reſt—they break forth into "ſinging; yea the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and "the cedars of Lebanon, ſaying, ſince thou art "laid down, no feller is come up againſt us.

* Alcæus himſelf (ſaith Biſhop Newton) ſo highly renowned for his hatred of tyranny, and whoſe odes are alike animated by the ſpirit of *liberty* and *poetry*, has nothing that can be compared with the prophet in this place.

The excellent prelate above-quoted hath a further remark on this paſſage, which it would be unpardonable to omit.

"What a pleaſure muſt it afford all readers of an exalted "taſte and generous ſentiments, all true lovers of liberty, to "hear the prophets thus exulting over tyrants and op-"preſſors! The ſcriptures, although often perverted to the "purpoſes of tyranny, are yet, in their own nature, calcu-"lated to promote the civil and religious liberties of man-"kind. True religion, virtue, and liberty are more inti-"mately connected than men commonly conſider."

"Hell

" Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet
" thee at thy coming. It ſtirreth up the dead for
" thee—even the chiefs of the nations! They ſay
" unto thee, art thou alſo become weak as we?
" Thy pomp is brought down to the grave—How
" art thou fallen, O *Lucifer*, that didſt weaken the
" nations? All kings [meaning juſt and merciful
" kings] even all of them lie in glory, every one
" in his own houſe (or ſepulchre); but thou art caſt
" out of thy grave like an abominable branch,"
&c. *

But although the reward of *heroes*, in the *Chriſtian's heaven*, be our proper theme on this ſolemn day; yet the paſſing view which we have taken of the perdition decreed to the traitors of their country, in the *poet*'s hell, confirmed alſo by the voice of ſcripture, is not foreign to our main purpoſe.

I know your boſoms glow with ſo ſtrong an averſion to all the foes of liberty in this life, that you will ſurely avoid every thought and action, which might doom you to their company in the life to to come; and therefore, bidding adieu—and may it be an eternal adieu—to thoſe dreary regions and their miſerable inhabitants, let us now exalt our joyous view to thoſe celeſtial manſions, where the benefactors of mankind reap immortal triumphs!

" Lo! the bleſt train advance along the meads,
" And ſnowy wreaths adorn their glorious heads—
" Patriots who periſh'd for their country's right,
" Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight—
" Worthies, who life by uſeful arts refin'd,
" With thoſe who leave a deathleſs name behind,
" Friends of the world, and patrons of mankind.

* Iſaiah xiv.

" Some

" Some on the verdant plains are ſtretched along,
" Sweet to the ear, their tuneful Pæans rung—

But here, ye Pagan poets, and thou prince of their choir, we leave you far behind; for your ſublimeſt flights are now infinitely ſhort of the theme! Your gloomy theology gave you tolerable aid in forming a *hell*, but the utmoſt efforts of natural genius could not make a *heaven* worthy of a rational and immortal ſoul! The glory of giving ſome animating deſcription of that bliſs " which eye hath " not ſeen, nor ear before heard, nor could the unen- " lightened heart of man otherwiſe conceive," was left for a more divine teacher. From HIM we learn, that a heart pure and detached from ſordid pleaſures, a ſoul panting after perfection, ſtriving to imitate the goodneſs of heaven, anticipating its approving ſentence, and devoted to the ſervice of mankind, ſhall at laſt riſe and mix in eternal fellowſhip with the beatified family of † God.

 Having

† A poet *now*, as may appear from the following lines of *Thompſon*, can give us deſcriptions of *Elyſian bliſs*, far ſuperior to thoſe of Virgil; " whoſe ideas on this ſubject (as Mr. " SPENCE obſerves) altho' preferable to thoſe of Homer and " all the other ancient poets, are ſtill ſo very low, that they " ſeem little more than borrowed from holiday-ſports on the " banks of Tiber"—

" In thoſe bright regions of celeſtial day,
" Far other ſcenes, far other pleaſures reign—
" All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
" Would, like a roſe before the mid-day ſun,
" Shrink up its bloſſom—like a bubble, break
" The paſſing poor magnificence of kings—
" For there the KING OF NATURE, in full blaze,
" Calls every ſplendor forth; and there his court,
" Amid æthereal powers and virtues, holds—
" Angels,

Having now, my reſpected countrymen—and I hope I do not weary you—laid a wide foundation upon the practice of the wiſeſt nations, in ſupport of the preſent ſolemnity, I ſhall add but little more concerning the public utility of the thing itſelf.

Circumſtanced as we now are, and perhaps ſhall long be, in building up a fabric for future ages, it would be a wiſe inſtitution, if, in imitation of the Genoeſe *feaſt of union*, we ſhould make at leaſt an annual pauſe, for a review of paſt incidents, and of the characters of thoſe who have borne an illuſtrious ſhare in them; thereby animating our virtue, and uniting ourſelves more cloſely in the bonds of mutual friendſhip.

The world, in general, is more willing to imitate than to be taught; and examples of eminent characters have a ſtronger influence than written precepts. Men's actions are a more faithful mirror of their lives than their words: the former ſeldom deceive; but the latter often. The deeds of old contract a venerable authority over us, when ſanctified by the voice of applauding ages; and, even in our own day, our hearts take an immediate part with thoſe who have nobly triumphed, or greatly ſuffered in our behalf.

But the more uſeful the diſplay of ſuch characters may be to the world, the more difficult is the work. And I am not to learn, that of all kinds of writing, panegyric requires the moſt delicate hand. Men ſeldom endure the praiſe of any actions, but thoſe which their ſelf-love repreſents as poſſible to them-

" Angels, archangels, tutelary gods
" Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds—
" But ſacred be the veil that kindly clouds
" A light too keen for mortals——

ſelves.

ſelves. Whatever is held up as an example, if placed beyond the reach of humanity duly exalted by public ſpirit, will excite no emulation; and whatever is placed within the vulgar walks of life, will attract no attention.

There is a further difficulty, peculiar to certain times, particularly thoſe of civil diſſention, when the tempers of men are worked into ferment. Whence it happens, that they who have been the ſubjects of obloquy in one age, have become the theme of praiſe in another. Such was Hampden—in the days of paſſive obedience, branded as a ſeditious diſturber of his country's peace; and, at the bleſſed æra of the Revolution, exalted into the firſt rank of *patriots*. Such was Sidney—condemned to a ſcaffold in the former period; and, in the latter, immortalized by the delegated voice of the nation!

What judgment poſterity will form of the preſent mighty conteſt in which theſe United Colonies are engaged, I am at no loſs to determine in my own heart. But, while the ſame actions are, by one part of a great empire, pronounced the moſt criminal reſiſtance, and by another, the moſt laudable efforts of ſelf preſervation, no public character can be drawn alike acceptable to all. Nevertheleſs, as the faithful *hiſtorian* is the beſt panegyriſt of true merit, he will not faſhion himſelf to times and ſeaſons, but exalt himſelf above them; and conſcious of his dignity, as reſponſible to ſucceeding ages, will take eternal truth as his ſupport, which can alone bear the impartial teſt of future examination. He knows that the divine colours of virtue, altho' they may give a temporary glare, will not blend or mellow into a ground-work of vice.

Whatever events, diſaſtrous or happy, may lie before us; yet ſome degree of applauſe, even from an enemy, is certainly due to thoſe illuſtrious men, who, led by conſcience and a clear perſuaſion of duty, ſacrifice their eaſe, their lives and fortunes to the public; and from their friends and country they are entitled to a deathleſs renown.

Periſh that narrow pride, which will ſuffer men to acknowledge no virtue, but among their own party. In this direful conteſt, the chief concern of a liberal mind will be, that ſo much perſonal virtue as may be found on both ſides, inſtead of being united in ſome great national point for the common good, ſhould be dreadfully employed to the purpoſe of mutual deſtruction. And a man can as ſoon diveſt himſelf of his humanity, as refuſe the tribute of veneration due to actions truly magnanimous.

When once it becomes criminal to plead the cauſe of a ſuffering people; when their virtues can no longer be ſafely recorded—then tyranny has put the laſt hand to her barbarous work. All the valuable purpoſes of ſociety are fruſtrated; and whatever other human fate remains will be wholly indifferent to the wiſe and good.

There are alſo many whoſe minds are ſo *little*, that they can conceive nothing *great*, which does not court the eye in all the trappings of dreſs, titles, and external ſplendor. An *American-Patriot!* a *Blanket-Hero!* a *General* from the *plough!* all theſe are terms of ridicule and reproach among many; yet ſuch was CINCINNATUS, in the beſt days of Roman virtue; and a Britiſh poet, already quoted, hath boldly taught his countrymen this noble leſſon——

" Some,

" Some, with whom compar'd, your inſect-tribes
" Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
" Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
" Of mighty war; then, with unweary'd hand,
" Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
" The PLOUGH, and greatly independent liv'd.

THOMSON.

The ſame noble leſſon is alſo taught by the well known ſtory of the two Spaniſh grandees, who were ſent ambaſſadors to the Hague. Notwithſtanding all the pride of their nation, they did not deſpiſe the Dutch deputies when they met them in a plain habit, and ſaw them on a journey ſit down upon the graſs to a frugal repaſt of bread and cheeſe, out of their knapſacks; on the contrary, they cried out, "We ſhall never be able to *conquer* theſe people; we muſt even make peace with them."

Should ambaſſadors honor us with a viſit, upon a like occaſion, let us be prepared to meet them in the ſame majeſtic ſimplicity of dreſs and manners; let us convince them that public virtue is confined to no claſs of men; and that although it ſometimes baſks in the ſunſhine of courts, it frequently lies hid in the ſhades of obſcurity, like the latent fire in flint, till called forth by the colliſive hand of oppreſſion.

Adverſity is the ſeaſon which ſhews the ſpirit of a man in its full vigour; and times of civil calamity never fail to ſtrike forth *lights*, ſometimes ſingle, and ſometimes whole conſtellations, mingling their kindred rays to warm and to illuminate the genius of their country.

The ſacred flame thus enkindled is not fed by the fuel of faction or party, but by pure benevolence and love of the public. It therefore ſoon riſes above the

the ſelfiſh principles, refines and brightens as it riſes, and expands itſelf into heavenly dimenſions. Being inextinguiſhable in its own nature, the blood of thouſands on the ſcaffold or in the field is but as oil poured into a conflagration, encreaſing its vehemence, till it conſumes all before it; burning ſtill clearer and ſtronger, *unto the full day of peace and civil happineſs.*

Thoſe who enjoy a true portion of this divine flame, duly called forth into exerciſe, ſtand in no need of further titles or diſtinctions, either by *birth* or *grant.* For what can the world preſent greater to the ſight of mortals, or even immortals, than a man who knows and courts the bleſſings of *peace*, who wiſhes to breathe out his laſt in its arms; and, keeping it ſtill as his object, is nevertheleſs rouſed by the firſt pang of his ſuffering country; gives his whole illuſtrious ſpirit to her relief; riſes above all human allurements; never remits his zeal; fears nothing; * regards nothing—but the ſentiments which virtue and magnanimity inſpire? What higher qualities can be required to entitle a man to the veneration and eulogies of his country? And theſe too will be his moſt durable monument.

The magnificent ſtructures raiſed by the gratitude of mankind to their benefactors of old had but a local and temporary uſe. They were beheld only by one people, and for a few ages:

" The heav'n aſpiring pyramid, the proud
" Triumphal arch, and all that e'er upheld
" The worſhip'd name of hoar antiquity,
" Are mouldering into duſt."

* Nihil extimiſcere; omnia humana deſpicere; nihil quod homini accidere poſſit intolerandum putare. Cic.

In

In vain does the way-faring man inveſtigate the tottering ruins for the divinity once enſhrined there! A ſcanty receptacle, about ſix feet in length and half the breadth, informs him that it once contained ſome human duſt, long ſince mingled with the common maſs. In vain does the prying antiquary dwell upon the ſculpture, or ſtrive to collect and ſpell the ſcattered fragments of letters. The inſcription is gone—long ſince gone, effaced, obliterated! And fruitleſs were the ſearch through the whole world for the hero's name, if it were not recorded in the orator's page, and proclaimed by the faithful voice of hiſtory.

There it ſhall live while the ſmalleſt veſtiges of literature remain upon earth—yea, till the final diſſolution of things human; nor ſhall it periſh then; but, being the immediate care of heaven, the great archangel, when he ſweeps ſuns and ſyſtems from their place, and kindles up their laſt fires, ſtretching forth his mighty arm, ſhall pluck the deathleſs ſcroll from the devouring conflagration, and give it a place among the archives of eternity!

But whither am I borne? to what heights have I aſcended? I look down with aſtoniſhment and tremble at my ſituation! Oh! let your friendly arms be extended to ſave me as I fall; for in the idea I have of my ſubject, I have undertaken to guide the chariot of the ſun; and how ſhall I ſteer through the exalted tract that lies before me? Conſidering myſelf as honoured with this day's office, by the delegated voice of ſome millions of people through a vaſt continent, upon an occaſion wherein their gratitude, their dignity, their love of liberty, nay, even their reputation in literature,

ture, are all in ſome degree concerned; what language ſhall I uſe, or how ſhall I accommodate myſelf to every circumſtance in the arduous work?

Truth alone muſt guide the hand that delineates a character. Should I affect to ſoar aloft, and dip my pencil in the colours of the ſky, I ſhould but endanger my own wings, melt their wax, and be precipitated headlong. Nor is the danger leſs in the other extreme.

Oh! then for ſome better Phœbus, ſome preſiding genius, to guide me through my remaining way, to point out the *middle path*, and teach me to unite dignity with eaſe, ſtrength with perſpicuity, and truth with the unaffected graces of elocution. Or rather, you ſhall be my Phœbus, my inſpiring as well as preſiding genius, ye delegated fathers of your country! So far will I ſtrive to imitate * him, who always animated himſelf with his ſubject, by thus accoſting himſelf before he went forth to ſpeak:

"Remember, thou art this day going to ad-
"dreſs men born in the arms of liberty, Grecians,
"Athenians! Let no thought enter thy heart, let
"no word fall from thy tongue, unworthy of ſuch
"an audience!"

As to that hero, whoſe memory you celebrate as a Proto-martyr † to your rights—for through whatever fields I have ſtrayed he has never eſcaped my view—as to him I ſay, if any thing human could now reach his ear, nothing but the great concerns of virtue, liberty, truth, and juſtice would be tolerable

* Pericles.

† The author did not intend to appropriate this term ſo as to detract from the merit of Dr. Warren and other brave men who fell before in the ſame cauſe.

to

to him; for to theſe was his life devoted from his early years.

He had received a liberal education in Ireland, his native country, before he went into the army, and was indeed endued with talents which would have led him to eminence in any profeſſion. His own he ſtudied with a felicity, which ſoon diſtinguiſhed his military abilities; but war and conqueſt having no other charms to him than as the neceſſary means of peace and happineſs to mankind, he ſtill found leiſure, in the midſt of camps, to cultivate an excellent taſte for philoſophy and polite literature. To theſe he added a careful ſtudy of the arts of government, and the rights of mankind; looking forward to that time when he might deſcend into the *ſtill ſcenes* of private life, and give a full flow to the native and acquired virtues of a heart rich in moral excellence.

Above eighteen years ago he had attained the rank of captain in the 17th regiment, under general Monckton, and ſtood full in the way of higher preferment; having borne a ſhare in all the labour of our American wars, and the reduction of Canada. Ill-fated region! ſhort-ſighted mortals! Little did he foreſee the ſcenes which that land had ſtill in reſerve for him! Little did thoſe generous Americans, who then ſtood by his ſide, think they were aſſiſting to ſubdue a country, which would one day be held up over us as a greater ſcourge in the hands of friends, than ever it was in the hands of enemies!

Had ſuch a thought then entered our hearts, we ſhould have ſtarted with indignation from the deed of horror. Our heroiſm would have appeared madneſs and parricide! The lifted ſteel would have dropped from the warrior's arm! the axe

and the hoe from the labourer's graſp! America would have weeped through all her foreſts, and her well-cultivated fields refuſed to yield farther ſuſtenance to her infatuated ſons!

But far different were our thoughts at that time. We conſidered ourſelves as co-operating with our brethren for the glory of the empire, to enable them to ſecure our common peace and liberty, to humanize, adorn, and dignify, with Britiſh privileges, a vaſt continent; to become ſtrong in our ſtrength, happy in our happineſs, and to derive *that* from our affection, which no force can extort from a *free* people, and which the *miſerable* and oppreſſed cannot give!

And theſe too were the ſentiments of our lamented hero; for he had formed an early attachment, amounting even to an enthuſiaſtic love, for this country! The woodland and the plain, the face of nature, grand, venerable, and yet rejoicing in her prime; our mighty rivers, deſcending in vaſt cataracts through wild and ſhaggy mountains, or gliding in ſilent majeſty through fertile vales; their numerous branches and tributary ſprings; our romantic ſcenes of rural quiet; our ſimplicity of manners, yet uncorrupted by luxury or flagrant vice; our love of knowledge and ardor for liberty—all theſe ſerved to convey the idea of primæval felicity to a heart which he had taught to beat *uniſon* with the harmony of heaven!

He therefore choſe America as the field of his future uſefulneſs; and as ſoon as the bleſſings of peace were reſtored to his country, and duty to his ſovereign would permit, he took his leave of the army, and having ſoon connected himſelf by marriage with an ancient and honourable family in the

the province of New York, he choſe a delightful retirement upon the banks of Hudſon's River, at a diſtance from the noiſe of the buſy world. Having a heart diſtended with benevolence, and panting to do good, he ſoon acquired, without courting it from his neighbours, that authority which an opinion of ſuperior talents and inflexible integrity never fail to create.

In this moſt eligible of all ſituations, the life of a country gentleman, deriving its moſt exquiſite reliſh from reflection upon paſt dangers and paſt ſervices, he gave full ſcope to his philoſophic ſpirit and taſte for rural elegance. Self-ſatisfied, and raiſed above vulgar ambition, he devoted his time to ſweet domeſtic intercourſe with the amiable partner of his heart, friendly converſe with men of worth, the ſtudy of uſeful books, and the improvement of his favoured villa. Nor from that happy ſpot did he wiſh to ſtray, until he ſhould receive his laſt ſummons to happineſs more than terreſtrial.

But when the hand of power was ſtretched forth againſt the land of his reſidence, he had a heart too noble not to ſympathize in its diſtreſs. From that fatal day—and oh! that it had never found a place in the volumes of time—from that fatal day in which the firſt American blood was ſpilt by the hoſtile hands of Britiſh brethren, and the better genius of the empire, veiling her face in anguiſh, turned abhorrent from the STRIFE OF DEATH AMONG HER CHILDREN—I ſay, from that fatal day, he choſe his part.

Although his liberal ſpirit placed him above local prejudices, and he conſidered himſelf as a member of the empire at large; yet America, ſtruggling in the cauſe of Liberty, henceforth became his peculiar

liar country, and that country took full poſſeſſion of his ſoul, lifting him above this earthly droſs, and every private affection. Worth like his could be no longer hid in the ſhades of obſcurity, nor permit him to be placed in that inferior ſtation with which a mind, great in humility and ſelf-denial, would have been contented. It was wiſely conſidered that he, who had ſo well learned to obey, was fitteſt to command; and therefore, being well aſſured of his own heart, he reſigned himſelf to the public voice, nor heſitated a moment longer to accept the important commiſſion freely offered to him, and, with the firmneſs of another Regulus, to bid farewell to his peaceful retirement and domeſtic endearments.

Here followed a ſcene of undiſſembled tenderneſs and diſtreſs, which all who hear me may, in ſome degree, conceive; but all cannot truly feel. You only who are huſbands, whoſe hearts have been intimately blended with the partners of your bliſs, and have known the pangs of ſeparation, when launching into dangers, uncertain of your fate—you only would I now more directly addreſs. Give a moment's pauſe for reflection! Recall your own former feelings, your inward ſtruggles, your virtuous tears! Here bid them again freely flow, while you liſten to our hero's parting words—

Ye ſcenes, where home-felt pleaſures dwell,
And thou, my dearer ſelf, farewell!
" Perhaps the cypreſs, only tree
" Of all theſe groves, ſhall follow me *;"
But ſtill to triumph, or a tomb,
Where virtue calls, I come! I come!

[*The foregoing lines were ſet and performed to muſic, which gave an opportunity of a pauſe in delivering the oration*].

* Hor. B. 2. Ode 14. l. 22—24.

I COME

"I COME, I COME!" Nor were theſe the words of diſappointed ambition; nor dictated by any ſudden ſtart of party zeal. He had weighed the conteſt well, was intimately acquainted with the unalienable rights of freemen, and ready to ſupport them at every peril! He had long foreſeen and lamented the fatal iſſue to which things were haſtening. He knew that the ſword of civil deſtruction, once drawn, is not eaſily ſheathed; that men having their minds inflamed, and the weapons of defence in their hands, ſeldom know the juſt point where to ſtop, even when they have it in their power; and often proceed to actions, the bare contemplation of which would at firſt have aſtoniſhed them.

It was therefore his deſire rather to ſoften than enflame violent humours, wiſhing that America, in all her actions, might ſtand juſtified in the ſight of God and the world. He foreſaw the horrid train of evils which would be let looſe by the ſtroke which ſhould ſever the ancient bond of union between Great Britain and us. It was therefore his wiſh that ſuch a ſtroke ſhould never proceed firſt from the hand of America. Nor did it ſo proceed.

The reſiſtance made at LEXINGTON was not the traiterous act of men conſpiring againſt the ſupreme powers; nor directed by the councils of any public body in America; but roſe immediately out of the caſe, and was dictated by *ſelf-preſervation*, the firſt great law of Nature as well as Society. If there was any premeditated ſcheme here, it was premeditated by thoſe who created the dreadful neceſſity, either of *reſiſtance* or *ruin*. For could it be expected that any people, poſſeſſing the leaſt remains of virtue and liberty, would tamely ſubmit to deſtruction

tion and ravage—to be disarmed as slaves; stripped of their property, and left a naked prey even to the insults of surrounding savages?

Was this an experiment worthy of Great Britain? Where was the wisdom of her counsellors? Had their justice, their moderation quite forsaken them? Could they possibly expect obedience in such a case as this? Would they themselves, in a similar case, even under a competent legislative authority, submit to laws which would destroy the great end of all laws, Self-Preservation; Human nature says, No. The genius of the English Constitution says, No. The nation itself hath heretofore said, No; and a great oracle † of its laws has given his sanction to the verdict—"In cases of national oppression, says "he, the nation hath very *justifiably* risen as one "man, to vindicate the original contract subsisting "between the King and people." And—"if the "sovereign power threaten desolation to a state, "mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings "of humanity, nor sacrifice liberty to a scrupulous "adherence to political maxims."

If the case of America does not come within the above description, there seems to be no equity left upon earth; and whatever is exacted by *force* must be yielded through *fear*. But if justice be any thing more than a name, it is surely a solecism in politics to say, that one part of a free country has a right to command that, which the other "cannot "*obey* without being *slaves*, nor *resist* without being "*rebels*." Yet to such a sad dilemma does the parliamentary claim of a "right to bind us in all "cases whatsoever," reduce America; involving in it a total surrender of our liberties; superseding

† Blackstone.

the

the uſe of our own legiſlatures: marking us with ſuch a badge of ſervitude as no freemen can conſent to wear; and ſubjecting us to burdens laid by thoſe who are not only unacquainted with our circumſtances, and bear no part of the weight, but eaſe themſelves in proportion as they load us. If this be *law*, if it be *equity*, it has no example among any other people, poſſeſſing the leaſt glimmerings of virtue or native freedom.

But although this claim be ſo repugnant to every idea of natural as well as legal juſtice, that the guilt of blood which it may occaſion can be chargeable only on thoſe who attempt to enforce it; yet I am well aſſured, that when compelled at laſt by hard neceſſity, either to avert the dagger pointed at our breaſt, or crouch to unconditional ſervitude, our hero's heart bled for the dreadful alternative.

His principles of loyalty to his ſovereign (whom he had long ſerved, and whoſe true glory conſiſts in healing thoſe ſtreaming wounds) remained firm and unſhaken. Love to our brethren whom we muſt oppoſe; the interchange of good offices, which had ſo intimately knit the bonds of friendſhip between them and us; the memory of thoſe better days in which we fought and triumphed together; the vaſt fabric of mutual happineſs raiſed by our union, and ready to be diſſolved by our diſſentions; the annihilation of thoſe numerous plans of improvement in which we were engaged for the glory of the empire—all theſe conſiderations conſpired to render this conteſt peculiarly abhorrent to him and every virtuous American, and could have been out-weighed by nothing earthly, but the unquenchable love of liberty, and that ſacred duty which we owe to ourſelves and our poſterity.

Hence,

Hence, as appears from his papers, even in the full triumph of ſucceſs, he moſt ardently joined his worthy friend † General Schuyler in praying that "Heaven may ſpeedily re-unite us in every bond "of affection and intereſt; and that the Britiſh "empire may again become the envy and ad-"miration of the univerſe, and flouriſh" till the conſummation of earthly things.

This part of his character I dwell upon with particular ſatisfaction; and indeed had he evidenced a contrary ſentiment, or gone forth in the rage of *conqueſt* inſtead of the ſpirit of *reconciliation*, not all his other virtues, nor yet the reſpect which I owe to the appointment wherewith I am now honoured, could have induced me to appear in this place on this occaſion.

God forbid that any of the profeſſion to which I belong, ſhould ever forget their peculiar character, exerciſe a turbulent ſpirit, or proſtitute their voice to enflame men's minds to the purpoſes of wild ambition, or mutual deſtruction. I am happy in knowing that nothing of this kind is wiſhed from me; nay that the delegated voice of the continent, as well as of this particular province, ſupports me in praying for a *reſtoration* "of the former har-"mony between Great Britain and theſe Colonies "upon ſo firm a baſis as to perpetuate its bleſſings, "uninterrupted by any future diſſentions, to ſuc-"ceeding generations in both countries." *

Indeed

† In his letter of Nov. 8th.

* The above paragraph having been either miſrepreſented or miſunderſtood by ſome, the author does not think himſelf at liberty to make the leaſt alteration in it, even if he judged any to be neceſſary. The quotation from the laſt petition of *Congreſs*,

Indeed this matter reſts in *ſafe hands*, and is clear in itſelf. If redreſs of grievances, eſſential liberty, and ſecurity againſt future oppreſſion can be obtained, agreeable to our own deſires, then, neither conſiſtency, dignity, or a regard to our illuſtrious Britiſh friends, who have defended our cauſe, pledged themſelves for our ſincerity, and hope by our aid to reſtore and perpetuate the glory of the *whole empire*, can ſuffer us to heſitate. To ſay, let them look to their own ſafety, and we will look to ours, would be unworty of the liberal ſoul of any *American*, truly animated in our preſent cauſe, and with the love of *univerſal liberty*.

But ſuppoſe theſe terms cannot be obtained? Why then there will be no need of further arguments, much leſs of aggravations. Timid as my heart perhaps is, and ill-tuned as my ear may be to the din of arms and the clangor of the trumpet, yet, in that caſe, ſounds which are a thouſand times

Congreſs, as well as the reference made to the inſtructions of our aſſembly, both point to a *paſt* period; and the author cannot be conſidered, from thence, as taking upon him to make the leaſt declaration concerning the preſent ſentiments of either of theſe bodies; nor is there a word which can preclude the taking into the terms of accommodation, ſo far as may be thought reaſonable, the redreſs of whatever grievances or loſſes we may have ſuſtained ſince that period. Upon the whole, it is preſumed, that a ſingle ſentiment is not to be found in the *Oration*, which is not fully conſonant to every declaration of *Congreſs* which has yet appeared. And to impute to them, or even ſuſpect, the leaſt change of ſentiment, before they themſelves have declared it, would not only be *indecent*, but very injurious to our cauſe. The author is alſo conſiſtent with himſelf, and if the ſame doctrines which, he has been told, were well received in his late publication, ſhould now be diſagreeable to any, the fault is not his. But he will give the reader no further trouble on this topic, unleſs his own defence ſhould in future render it neceſſary.

more harſh—" even the croaking of frogs in the " uncultivated fen," or the howling of wild beaſts on the mountain top, where Liberty dwells, would be " preferable to the nightingale's ſong" in *vales of ſlavery*, or the melting notes of CORELLI in *cities clanking their chains!*

If this be a digreſſion, pardon it as the laſt, and due to my own principles and conſiſtency. I now haſten to attend our hero through the remainder of his career—ſhort indeed! but crouded with ſcenes of virtuous activity, which would have dignified the longeſt life.

The Canada expedition is one of thoſe meaſures, which the enemies of American peace having firſt rendered neceſſary, will now ſtrive to miſconſtrue into *hoſtility* and *offence*. But when authentic proofs were obtained, that a people profeſſing a religion, and ſubjected to laws, different from ours, together with numerous tribes of ſavages, were inſtigated and preparing to deluge our frontiers in blood, let God and the world judge whether it was an *act of offence*; or rather, whether it was not *mercy* to them, to ourſelves, to the whole Britiſh empire, to uſe the means in our power for fruſtrating the barbarous attempt.

Indeed there was benevolence in the whole plan of his expedition. It was to be executed not ſo much by *force* as by *perſuaſion*; and appearing in the country with ſuch reſpectable ſtrength, as might protect the inhabitants from the inſults and vengeance of thoſe, who were ſtriving to make them lift up their reluctant arm to the ſhedding fraternal blood. It was further wiſhed to kindle up the expiring lamp of liberty among them; to open their eyes to its divine effulgence; and enable them to raiſe their drooping head, and claim its bleſſings as their own.

This

This was a work, in all its parts, ſuited to the genius of a MONTGOMERY. He had a head and heart which equally pointed him out as a fit guide in ſuch an undertaking. He underſtood and could well explain the bleſſings of a free government. Perſuaſion dwelt upon his tongue. He had a ſoul, great, diſintereſted, affectionate, delighting to alleviate diſtreſs, and to diffuſe happineſs. He had an induſtry not to be wearied out; a vigilance not to be impoſed upon; and a courage, when neceſſary, equal to his other abilities.

But ſtill, with a few new-raiſed men, of different colonies, and perhaps different tempers; ill ſupplied with arms and ammunition; worſe diſciplined; unaccuſtomed to look cannon in the face; to make or mount a breach—in ſuch circumſtances, I ſay, and in the ſhort ſpace of an autumnal and winter campaign, in rigorous northern climes, to atchieve a work which coſt Great Britain and the colonies the labour of ſeveral campaigns, and what was a ſacrifice of infinitely more value—the life of the immortal WOLFE—this certainly required a degree of magnanimity beyond the ordinary reach, and the exertion of the higheſt abilities of every kind.

The command and conduct of an army were but ſmall parts of this undertaking. The Indians were to be treated with, reſtrained, and kept in temper. The Canadians were likewiſe to be managed, protected, and ſupported: and even his own army in ſome degree to be formed, diſciplined, animated, accuſtomed to marches, incampments, dangers, fatigues, and the frequent want of neceſſaries.

Camps, of all worldly ſcenes, often exhibit the greateſt pictures of diſtreſs. The ſick and the wounded, the dying and the dead, as well as the wants and

ſufferings of the living—all theſe call forth the moſt tender feelings, and require of a general that, to the courage of a ſoldier, he ſhould unite the utmoſt benevolence of a man.

Our general poſſeſſed theſe united qualities in the higheſt luſtre; of which there are numerous teſtimonies not only from his own army, but from the priſoners, Engliſh as well as Canadians, now amongſt us.

When his men laboured under fatigue, wanted bread and other neceſſaries, had their beds to make in ſnow or deep moraſſes, they were aſhamed to complain, finding that he was willing to ſhare in the execution of whatever he commanded; and the example, which he thus ſet to others, did more to inſpire patience, obedience, love of order and diſcipline, than the moſt rigid exerciſe of power could have done. The influence of this example was ſtill ſtronger, as it did not appear to be the effect of conſtraint or political neceſſity, but the amiable expreſſion of a ſympathizing ſoul, leading him to condeſcend to all capacities, exact in his own duties, and great even in common things. His letters, confidential as well as official, are a full proof of this.

"Our incampment is ſo ſwampy, I feel, ſays he, "exceedingly for the troops; and proviſions ſo "ſcarce, it will require not only diſpatch, but good "fortune, to keep us from diſtreſs. Should things "not go well, I tremble for the fate of the poor "Canadians, who have ventured ſo much. What "ſhall I do with them, ſhould I be obliged to "evacuate this country? I have aſſured them, "that the United Colonies will as ſoon give up "Maſſachuſſetts to reſentment as them."

The

Theſe ſentiments were worthy of a heroic ſoul, and of the faith he had pledged to thoſe people. Nor is he leſs to be venerated for his tender regard towards his own army; inſtead of making a merit of his difficulties (which were indeed more than ought to be mentioned in this place) he often ſeeks to conceal them; aſcribing any little faults or tardineſs, in his *young troops*, to their want of experience in forming, to their hard duty, to conſtant ſucceſſion of bad weather, and the like—ſtill encouraging them to nobler efforts in future. And if any impatience of diſcipline appeared, he nobly attributes it to "that ſpirit of freedom which men, "accuſtomed to think for themſelves, will even "bring into camps with them."

His own ſuperior military knowledge he has been known to ſacrifice to the general voice, rather than interrupt that union on which ſucceſs depended; and when a meaſure was once reſolved upon by the majority, however much contrary to his own advice and judgment, he magnanimouſly ſupported it with his utmoſt vigour; diſdaining that work of low ambition, which will ſtrive to defeat in the execution what it could not direct in planning.

His perſeverance and conduct in gaining poſſeſſion of St. John's and Montreal have already been the theme of every tongue, and need not be mentioned in this place. His abilities in negociation, the preciſion with which the various articles of treaties and capitulations are expreſſed, the generous applauſe he gives, not only to every worthy effort of his own officers, but to the commanding officer and garriſon of St. John's, his noble declaration to the inhabitants of Montreal, "that the continental

"armies

" armies deſpiſe every act of oppreſſion and vio-
" lence, being come for the *expreſs purpoſe of giving*
" *liberty and ſecurity*"—all theſe, I ſay, did honour to himſelf, and to that delegated body under whoſe authority he acted.

Leaving him therefore for a while—alas! too ſhort a while—to enjoy the nobleſt of all triumphs, the applauſe of his country, and the conſcious teſtimony of his own heart, let us enquire after another band of brave and hardy men, who are ſtemming rapid rivers, aſcending pathleſs mountains, traverſing unpeopled deſerts, and haſtening through deep moraſſes and gloomy woods to meet him in ſcenes of another iſſue—

——————deſerts in vain
Oppos'd their courſe, and deep rapacious floods,
And mountains, in whoſe jaws deſtruction grinn'd,
Hunger and toil—Armenian ſnows and ſtorms!
Greece in their view and glory yet untouch'd,
They held their fearleſs way—Oh! ſtrength of mind,
Almoſt almighty in ſevere extremes! *

This praiſe was paid to ten thouſand heroes, ſuſtaining every danger in a *retreat* to their *own* country, and is certainly due, ſo far as heroiſm is concerned, to leſs than a tenth part of the number marching through equal difficulties againſt the capital of a *hoſtile* country.

Even the march of Hannibal over the Alps, ſo much celebrated in hiſtory (allowing for the diſparity of numbers) has nothing in it of ſuperior merit to the march of Arnold; and, in many circumſtances, there is a moſt ſtriking ſimilitude.

* Thompſon.

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The former had to encounter the rapid Rhone; the latter, the more rapid Kennebeck, through an immenſe length of country. The former, when he came to quit the river, found his further paſſage barred by mountains, rearing their ſnowy creſts to the ſky, rugged, wild, uncultivated. This was alſo the caſe with the latter, whoſe troops, carrying their boats and baggage, were obliged to croſs and recroſs the ſame mountains ſundry times. At the foot of the mountains, the former was deſerted by three thouſand of his army, deſponding at the length of the way, and terrified at the hideous view of thoſe ſtupendous heights, which they conſidered as impaſſable. In like circumſtances, about a third part of the army of the latter deſerted, ſhall I ſay, or uſe the more courteous language "returned "home *." The march of the former was about twelve hundred miles in five months. The Virginia and Pennſylvania rifle-companies belonging to

* When the Oration was delivered, the author did not know that an enquiry had been made into the reaſons of the return of this party, and that the commanding officer has been acquitted. But as a very general cenſure had been paſſed upon him through the colonies, it was judged much more honourable for him to inſert an account of his acquitment than to ſuppreſs the paragraph; for all theſe tranſactions will be fully ſcrutinized by future hiſtorians.

It was at the foot of the Pyrenees that the 3000 deſerted from Hannibal, and he freely diſmiſſed 7000 more, whoſe courage, he perceived, was not equal to the undertaking. Indeed Livy tells us that the ſight of the Alps, "their ſnow-"clad tops almoſt penetrating heaven, the rude cottages built "on rocks, ſheep and oxen pinched with cold, the men ſavage "and wearing long beards, every thing both animate and "inanimate ſtiff with froſt," ſtruck even the remainder of his army with a temporary panic. It is not clear what uſe Hannibal made of his boats after croſſing the Rhone, whether to carry his baggage, as he aſcended along its banks, or not.

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the latter, including their firſt march from their own habitations to Cambridge and thence to Quebec, marched near the ſame diſtance in about three months.

Beſides theſe rifle-companies, Arnold's corps conſiſted of about five hundred New England troops, who ſuſtained all the fatigues of the worſt part of the march by land and water with the utmoſt fortitude. And general Montgomery, ever ready to do juſtice to merit, having joined them before Quebec, gives their commander and them this character——

" They are an exceeding fine body of men, " inured to fatigue, with a ſtyle of diſcipline " among them much ſuperior to what I have been " uſed to ſee this campaign—he himſelf is active, " intelligent, and enterprizing."

Having approached thoſe plains, which the blood of Wolfe hath conſecrated to deathleſs fame, our hero ſeemed emulous of his glory, and animated with a kindred ſpirit. The ſituation of his army preſſed diſpatch; ſnows and froſt only quickened his motions. He hoped by one ſucceſsful ſtroke, before the arrival of ſuccours to the garriſon, to complete his plan, and ſave the future effuſion of much blood. He further flattered himſelf, that his ſucceſs, if ſpeedy, might have ſome influence upon parliament in haſtening a reconciliation. He underſtood that maxim of Folard—" No obſtacle " ſhould break our reſolution, when there is but a " moment between a bad ſituation and a worſe"—This ſentiment he expreſſes in his laſt letter with a ſpirit of modeſty and a ſenſe of duty, as well as the danger attending it, which ought to be for ever recorded to his glory—" I ſhall be ſorry to be " reduced

" reduced to this mode of attack; becauſe I know
" the melancholy conſequences. But the approach-
" ing ſeverity of the ſeaſon, the weakneſs of the
" garriſon, together with the nature of the works,
" point it out too ſtrong to be paſſed by. Fortune
" often baffles the moſt ſanguine expectations of
" poor mortals. I am not intoxicated with the
" favours I have received at her hands; but I
" think there is a fair proſpect of ſucceſs."

Poor mortals indeed! if nothing was to remain of them after death; for while he was courting this ſucceſs, and gloriouſly leading on his troops in the front of danger, he received the fatal ſtroke, which in an inſtant releaſed his great ſpirit to follow and join the immortal ſpirit of Wolfe!

O thou ſwift winged meſſenger of deſtruction, how didſt thou triumph in that moment! the ſtroke that ſevered Montgomery from his army deprived them of more than a member. It reached the vitals, and ſtruck the whole body with a temporary death. As when the forked lightning, darting through the foreſt, amid the black tempeſts of night, rends ſome towering oak, and lays its honours in the duſt, the inferior trees, which it had long ſheltered from the ſtorm, ſtand mournful around—ſo ſtood the aſtoniſhed bands over their their fallen Chieftain!—nor over him alone, but over others, in their prime of glory, proſtrate by his ſide.

Here, ye Pennſylvanian youths, ſecond to none in virtue, let a portion of your tears be ſacred to the manes of Macpherſon! You remember his generous ſpirit in his early years, for he drank of the ſame ſprings of ſcience with many of you now before me; and we, who reached the cup to your lip, rejoice that it contributed to invigorate both him and you into wiſdom and public ſpirit.

Having finiſhed his ſcholaſtic * education, he ſtudied the laws of his country, under a lawyer and patriot † of diſtinguiſhed name; and animated by his example, as well as precepts, had become eminent in his profeſſion, at an age when ſome have ſcarce begun to think of buſineſs. The love of liberty being his ruling paſſion, he thought it his duty, in the preſent ſtruggle, to offer himſelf to the ſervice of his country, and he had ſoon an opportunity of attaining that military pre-eminence, of which he was laudably ambitious.

Enjoying an hereditary bravery, joined to a well-cultivated underſtanding and an active ſpirit, he ſoon became the boſom friend of general Montgomery, was his aid-de-camp, was entruſted with a ſhare in the management of his moſt important negociations, ſtood by his ſide in the attack upon Quebec; and being, as it were, animated by one common ſoul, and dear to each other in life, in death they were not a moment divided.

Here likewiſe fell captain Cheeſman of the New York forces, covered with honour, and lamented by all who knew him, as an active and gallant officer. His particular merits, as well as the merits of ſome others who ſhared his fate, ought to be more fully commemorated on this occaſion, if proper accounts of them could be collected.

* He was educated partly at the college of Philadelphia, and partly at that of New Jerſey. A few days before his death, he viſited the very ſpot on which general Wolfe expired; and the reflections in his letter on this occaſion, as well as in that which he left ſealed up for his father in caſe of his death in the attack upon Quebec, were ſuch as became a *chriſtian* and a *ſoldier*. He bequeathed what little fortune he had accumulated to his only brother, an officer in the regular army. As a reward for his ſervices he was appointed by the Congreſs a major in a battalion to be raiſed in the Delaware counties, but had received no account of this promotion.

† John Dickinſon, Eſquire.

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I muſt not however omit the name of the brave captain Hendricks, who commanded one of the Pennſylvania rifle-companies, and was known to me from his infancy. He was indeed prodigal of his life, and courted danger out of his tour of duty. The command of the guard belonged to him on the morning of the attack, but he ſolicited and obtained leave to take a more conſpicuous poſt; and, having led his men through the barrier, where his commanding officer general Arnold was wounded, he long ſuſtained the fire of the garriſon with unſhaken firmneſs, till at laſt, receiving a ſhot in his breaſt, he immediately expired *.

Such examples of magnanimity filled even *adverſaries* with veneration and eſteem. Forgetting the *foes* in the *heroes*, they gathered up their breathleſs remains, and committed them to kindred duſt, with pious hands, "and funeral honours meet.—So may your own remains, and particularly thine, O CARLTON, be honoured, ſhould it ever be your fate to fall in hoſtile fields! Or if, amid the various chances of war, your lot ſhould be among the priſoners and the wounded, may you be diſtinguiſhed with an ample return of that benevolence which you have ſhewn to others! Such offices of humanity, ſoftening the ſavage ſcenes of war, will entitle you to an honour which all the pride of conqueſt cannot beſtow—much leſs a conqueſt over fellow-ſubjects, contending for the common rights of freemen.

By ſuch offices as theſe, you likewiſe give a gleam of comfort to thoſe mourners, who mix their tears

* Theſe particulars were certified by general *Thompſon* and colonel *Magaw*, his commanders in the Pennſylvania rifle-regiment, and they give me this further character of him in their letter, viz. "No fatigues or duty ever diſcouraged "him—He paid the ſtricteſt attention to his company, and "was ambitious that they ſhould excel in diſcipline, ſobriety, "and order. His ſocial and domeſtic virtues you were well "acquainted with."

with our † Schuylkill and Suſquehannah; and to her ‡ eſpecially, on Hudſon's river, pre-eminent in woe! Angels and miniſters of grace complete her conſolations! Tell her in gentleſt accents, what wreaths of glory you have entwined, to adorn the brows of thoſe who die for their country; and hovering for a while, on the *wing of pity*, liſten to her mournful ſtrain——

* Sweet ivy, twin'd with myrtle, form a ſhade
Around the tomb where brave *Montgomery*'s laid!
Beneath your boughs, ſhut from the beams of day,
My ceaſeleſs tears ſhall bathe the warrior's clay;
And injur'd "Freedom ſhall a while repair,
"To dwell, with me, a weeping hermit there."

Having now paid the honours due to the memories of our departed friends, what need I add more? Illuſtrious, although ſhort, was their race! "But "old age is not that which ſtandeth in length of "time, nor is meaſured by number of years—wiſ- "dom is the grey hair to man, and an unſpotted "life is old age."

To ſuch men, Rome in all her glory would have decreed honors; and the reſolve of *Congreſs* to tranſmit the memory of their virtues is worthy of that magnanimity which ought to characterize public bodies. Jealous and arbitrary rulers are ſparing of honours to thoſe who ſerve them, leſt their own ſhould be thus eclipſed. But your luſtre, Gentlemen, can ſuffer no diminution this way; and the glory you juſtly beſtow upon others, will only be reflected to encreaſe your own!

† The rivers on which the parents of major Macpherſon and captain Hendricks live.

‡ Mrs. Montgomery.

* The original lines, for which theſe were ſubſtituted and performed to muſic, are well known, viz.

"Wind, gentle Ever-green, to form a ſhade
"Around the Tomb where Sophocles is laid," &c.

Part of the two laſt lines is from an Ode of *Collins*.

FINIS.